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The LOYAL City of Briſtol,

Vindicated from

Amſterdamniſm, or *Devil's-borough*,

Two Appellatives

Occaſioned by the over credulous, who have hitherto taken it for granted, that the *Schiſmaticks* and *Hereticks* of all Sorts were more numerous than the truly *Loyal*, *Orthodox*, and *Liege* people there.

BUT AT

A late Tryal of skill, managed by the more Vigilant, and Worthy *Angel-Guardian* of that *City*, the point has been lately clear'd, and the *Churchmen* for an *Earl* have out voted the *Fanaticks* for a *Knight*, though to little purpoſe: For they have rallied again, ſince the Diſſolution, to fetch in the ſame Perſons.

But *Who?* or *What?* and how *Equipp'd?* this enſuing Letter (to an *Utopian Prelate*) will fully inform you.

Quiſquis medium defugit iter
Stabili nunquam tramite curret. Senec. *Trag.*
SED
Gens humana ruit per vetitum nefas.

Printed for *J. Davies*, 1681.

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THE EPISTLE TO THE READER.

THIS enſuing Deſcription of the Hogan-Mogan Herd, a hotch-potch of all Sects and Factions, that lately fetch'd in none of the beſt Friends (you may imagine) the King, or the Church had, to ſtand as Members in Parliament for this City, was Writ by an Eye-witneſs of it; one that heard the bleating of the Calves, as plain as the Inhabitants of Dan *and* Bethel *did thoſe of* Jeroboam's, *when driven through their Streets.*

And the Deſcription was deſign'd only to turn the Fanatick zeal here into Ridicule; to ſhame the more tender of their reputation (if any amongſt them) for ever appearing again

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in such Cabals, and to make the Royal party Merry.

But the fallen Angels, with their Luciferian Crew, have falsly magnified the Qualities and Quantities of such Cattel, (what tho' ; I pray ye? says my beloved Hudibras,

Extreams of Glory and of Shame,
Like East and West become the same;
No *Indian* Prince has to his Palace,
More Followers than a Thief to th'Gallows.)

And their beloved Benjamin, *who was justly punished in the offending parts, when his Ears were nail'd to the Pillory, for hearing such Reports, and obtruding them upon the People; and the* Pro. Dom. Intelligencers *have dispersed the same Fables; and the old Nicknam'd* Protestant *Coffee-houses, (for sure the Devil was their Godfather,) every where swarm with Diabolical* Presbyterianisms *of this Sort, and the late Eleven famous Lyars of* Bristol *also, (who were presented by the Worthy, Courageous, and Loyal Grand-Jury here, at the Quarter-Sessions the twenty sixth day of* April *last, for endeavouring to impose upon the Wisdom of the Nation, by exhibiting a scandalous, false,*

falſe, malicious Petition, at the late Aſſembly of the Houſe of Commons in Oxford, *to corroborate the forerunning Lyes, eſſential to this, their Supplication; againſt our Loyal Members, legally elected, by the Majority of more than Three hundred Voices,) have ſtrenuouſly out-thrown their Brother Lyars a Bar and a half, in this their plauſible piece of Forgery.*

Theſe, and ſeveral other notorious Untruths, tending to the eternal diſhonour of our Loyal City, being ſpread abroad, we thought it was neceſſary to contradict them, by publiſhing this Dormant Letter, which, every one that took notice of the reception of the laps'd Member, can teſtifie, tells nothing (in the main) but matter of fact; and will, I doubt not, pleaſantly enough entertain the Gentle Readers, eſpecially thoſe that love the King and the Church, as ſhe is now govern'd by his Royal ſelf, and his Laws; and for any body elſe, we declare (by theſe preſents) that we care no more for them than (as we have cauſe to believe) does the Utopian *Deſcriber, of this riotous and wretched Ribble-Rable, to the Prelate of his own Country.*

Farewell,

Briſtol,
May the 5th.
1681.

G. J.
C. B.
cum multis aliis.

The Pupils to the Reader.

A Leter to the BISHOP OF UTOPIA.

Briſtol February the 9th. 1680.

My deareſt Lord,

After all the *Presbyterian* Lyes of your departure I am overjoyed to hear your Lordſhip is ſtill well amongſt us in the Land of the living, for the King and the Churches ſake; and could wiſh, (for my own) that my Body was alwaies as near you as my Soul is ſome times, for that has Wings and flies frequently to *Utopia*, to ſee the Angel of the Church there, leaving its body tenantleſs, till ſhe requites her prior Manſion with news from thence, of *Love* and *Charity*, *Humility* and *Obedience*, reverential Awe

and

and Dread of her *ineffable Creator*, Honour and Loyalty to her *King*, and Contempt of thoſe fluid *Atoms* whoſe reſtleſs Vibrations diſturb the Veſſel which contains them.

Of thoſe fiery *Meteors*, thoſe *Ignes Fatui* in the Region, that never keep their Stations, that diſparage the Element they move in, and amuſe the Inſipid here below, (on whom alone they have Influence,) leading them out of the ſure paths they are appointed to walk in, by meer Chymærical jealouſies and fears, which they call *Portenſions* and *Prodigies*, to actuate the Mobile into Sedition.

Of thoſe *Airy Spirits*, the *Protei* of Shapes and Colours, whoſe Prince is *Beelzebub* that can appear as an Angel of Light to gull its ſimple Inhabitants, that are Captivated by falſe glitterings, and dazled by the glare of thoſe Lambent flames, about which they grow Gay and Splendid, hover and ſport, believing themſelves to be the happy Finders of the new Light, which the *Seekers* have been ſo long in queſt on, till at length (like the Buſie-bodies that dared too near the Ark) their Wings are ſcorched with their over-curious and inſolent approaches, by which they are made helpleſs to themſelves, and conſequently a prey to their Enemies.

Of thoſe *Earthly Inhabitants*, the *Ephori*, the *Tribunes* of the People, the *Democratical Rabble* which are given to change even their *Principles* for *gain*, their *Religion* for *Intereſt*, their *Church* for a *Conventicle*, their whole *King* for ſcarce half a *Houſe of Commons*, and their *Kingdom* for a *Common-wealth*.

The contempt of theſe men (my Lord) thus Principl'd, made me ſtay at home the other day, when a *Cavalcade* of Fanatical Porters, and other Mercenary Fellows,

Fellows, mounted on Halliers and Colliers Horſes, rod out to fetch in a rotten Member, who ('tis hoped) will ſcarce hold together till it meets the Body at *Oxford*. But what ſhould ſuch an old Logerheaded Dunce doe at a *Univerſity*, I pray'e?

Since that, here has been a more numerous but equally ſplendid Regiment of *Dragoons*, to fetch in (and conſequently to diſgrace) our worthy Recorder; here was Colonel *Tagg*, Major *Ragg*, and Captain *Bobb*, in ſhort, *Tagg*, *Ragg*, and *Bobb*, did each lead up a Squadron: All that could ſuck an Egg of the *Cockatrice*, all that were hatch'd from theſe Eggs, and brooded under the *Presbyterian* Petticoats; all that could peep, and all that could run of that race, cheated their reſpective Maſters of their Service the while; and footed it to mend the Muck-heap. All that could beg, and all that could borrow a *Chephall*, and had the wit or courage to mount him, aſſiſted to grace the Ceremony. Nay, one *zealous Brother* of the Saddle ſtole a Horſe for the Service to ride amongſt'em; and as I hope to live (my Lord) had as honeſt a Face as the beſt of 'em; and the impudence not to be out of countenance when the Owner of the diſſenting Beaſt caſhier'd his *Trooper*, tho' at the high *Croſs* in *Briſtol*. My Lord, was the Devil a Limner, and imploy'd by a *Mahometan* to make a Chimny-piece for the *grand Viſers* Dining-room, and order'd to deſcribe in it a Regiment of ſquint-eyed, ill-looking Rebels, to diſparage Chriſtianity by, he could not doe it more to the life than this *Cætus* (this compoſition of Simples, whoſe Maſs is call'd *Behemoth*, to make Pills for the Devil on): has repreſented. And if any of the back-ſliding Siſterhood longs to ſee ſuch a ſight as this was, (leſt ſhe ſhould miſcarry of the Babe of Grace) let her take

a *Balcony* in *Holbourn* some few days after the Sessions in the *Old Baily*, to fix her *Mercurial Embrio*. For nothing but the gentle Spectators at *Tiburn* can Copy this *Original*. In good earnest, my Lord, the *Autometons* they bestrid were fitter for a *Dog-kennel* than a *Parade*; and their Bestriders lookt so like a pack of *hungry Dogs*, that I expected every minute when they should alight and fall on, worry, and eat the Beasts that brought them hither. By the strength of which imagination I had designed a Painter to express the Assailants in this Posture, as an everlasting Emblem of *Presbyterian* Gratitude. But oh! (my Lord) had you seen 'em ride! you would have taken them singly for so many *Centaurs*, and altogether for a *Covy of Witches*, mounted upon anointed Broom-sticks and Fire-shovels at an appointed Rendevouze, by their Grand Master the Devil.

'Tis too long (my Lord) for a Letter to describe either their persons or their parts. *Zancho Pancho* pickeering upon *Rosinante* in *Don Quixot*; and *Ralpho* riding to the Slaughter of the Fidles and the Bears in *Hudibras*, are too gentile and learned for a Similitude, tho' they come the neareſt to them (I confess) in Story. For those Squires could reade we hear, but the Devil a one of Three hundred in this Farce could tell a Letter of the Book; and I am informed it was more for fear than love that this illiterate Crew attended him, lest he should use them (they say) as he did their Cosin *Bromfield*, who he served right enough (for being their Kinsman) when he hang'd him in this City, because he could not say his Neck Verse, as was pretended, tho' the more Judicious say there was *Emulation* in the case; for this *amorous Bromfield* (you must know) was an Ingrosser of fine Women,

and

and two of a Trade can never agree, according to the old *Greek* Diſtick, as aptly apply'd as engliſhed;

Καὶ κεραμεὺς κεραμεῖ πορίει, καὶ τέκτονι τέκτων,
Καὶ πτωχὸς πτωχῷ φθονέει, καὶ ἀοιδὸς ἀοιδῷ.

Cou'd he at Bar change places with the Bencher,
Then this (as that) had hang'd for being a Wencher.

Thus was this noble Knight, Sir *Robert*, attended into the ſame place, and by ſome of the ſame Perſons that had formerly uſher'd in *James Nayler*, the *Blaſphemiſt*, with triumphant *Hoſannahs*; and marcht hither (poor Gentleman) as much aſhamed of his baggage (I warrant ye) as the great *Godfry of Bullen* when he went to the holy War: Where the *Hiſtorian* obſerves, that Thieves and Murtherers took upon them the *Croſs* to eſcape the *Gallows*.

But in all this excellent Proceſſion, where every individual Devil carried his peculiar Croſs, to the eternal praiſe of thoſe that love, honour, and obey the King, and the Church, as it is now eſtabliſhed by Law, there was not one ſuch perſon ſeen amongſt them.

And now to undeceive the credulous, let them know that *Briſtol* has at length ſhaken off her Fanatical Fetters, which hitherto have hung as Lead on the heels of her jollity, and dull'd her motion, and is fledged with Loyal Feathers, (into an activity) that will carry her above the reach of thoſe *Vermin*, whoſe Habitations are in holes and naſty corners, that never crawl out but to doe miſchief, and then skulk again into obſcurity, hating the light without them becauſe their deeds are evil.

That ſhe is fortified with a legal Loyal Band, a noble and worthy *Artillery*, who with their Abettors are viſibly the Major part of her Inhabitants, and that may create a Confidence of her continuance in this happy State; for when there is more of the *Yeomans* and *Bouchiers* than there are of the *Scroops* and *Fines*, it is not to be ſuppoſed, ſhe can eaſily deviate into manifeſt Murthers again, becauſe the Hang-men (you ſee) are not ſo numerous as the Royal party.

I beg your Lordſhips pardon for this rude diverſion, and remain (as every honeſt man ought to his Dioceſan)

My Lord,

Your Lordſhips moſt obedient

Son, and Servant,

Ἀντιθεοφόρητος.

F I N I S.